

The Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

Does man really attach that value to his life that the law does?

When a life is taken the whole force of state is exerted to punish the offender, and if life is threatened the military is added to the civil authorities in an attempt to protect that life. No matter how degraded the person, his life is held above property and all else by the statute.

What does the individual do to prove this statute assertion? Does he utilize the minutes given him? Do hours really count for much in his scheme of life? Does he not neglect entire days and throw them away as utterly worthless?

Or what is the average person thinking today? Is he enjoying the present moment or is he looking forward to some future hour? Does the laborer cast his eye up to the clock worried because time flies so rapidly, or is he thinking how slowly it drags along and how many hours or minutes must pass before the welcome period of refreshment?

Isn't there something in the future; this evening, tomorrow, next week or next month that the average individual is looking forward to with actual impatience. Doesn't he sigh and wish that the day longed for was at hand? If this is true how can he claim that he values life. He is more prodigal of his days than is the spendthrift of his dollars.

In reply one may assert that the event toward which he looks is so absorbing and so delicious as to justify the snuffing out of the interval. But is it so? When it arrives isn't it disappointing or at least so transient in pleasure that he finds himself again looking forward to some other anticipated joy?

If life is of such great value would men yawn, sleep to excess, hate the whistle that calls to work and loag for the whistle that means the expiration of a half day or a whole day?

The greatest spendthrift on record; the man who squanders a fortune in a night is not so prodigal of his wealth as the average person is of his time.

Should the whole force of government be at command to protect life when the possessor places so little value on the units of time that go to make up that life? Or reversing the proposition, shouldn't the individual cherish the moments and utilize them to some good purpose if their total is worth the thoughtful care of the statute book?

PLEASURE COMES HIGH.

It is estimated that \$50,000,000 is invested in the pleasure of the land.

In the olden days when the merchant prince was not ashamed to tend jib sheets or take a brace at the balliards, it did not cost so much.

But now the gilt-edged yachtman is obliged to have a steam yacht, and for such there are \$40,000,000 invested in this country. It would be an easy matter to mention twenty-five American steam yachts whose aggregate value is \$10,000,000.

Many a rich man who has conceived that he was gold-lined, has willed when he tried to support a yacht. One rich gentleman said recently that he reckoned on a cost of \$1,000 a day as long as his yacht was in commission, and another claimed to have spent \$150,000 for the maintenance of his 270-foot yacht last year.

Is it any wonder that only syndicates care to tackle the problem of an international cup defender, except perhaps such men as have a world-wide grip on incomes of the people?

THE DISASTERS OF UNIFORMITY.

Protests against that rule of labor unions which reduces all members to the same level, with the same pay, regardless of services rendered, are growing louder. President Elliot recently denounced the principle of uniformity as a check to all progress, and commended the man who insists on the right to do his best work and receive pay accordingly. In the last issue of the American Journal of Sociology the argument is renewed with force by William A. Giles, who has been president of the American Society of Social Science. He declares:

"To limit the production of the best man, or to compel him to share equally with the unskilled, incompetent, or lazy, would be grossly unjust and uneconomical. To make no distinction between thoughtful care and industry, and inaptitude and sloth, would be to remove that incentive to honest endeavor that has ever been the greatest factor in human progress."

The doctrine which Mr. Giles advocates is the only one which can be held for an instant by men who have grasped the rudiments of economic law. The regulations of the labor union may be enforced temporarily and locally; but it is an attempt to make water flow up hill. In the long run men will not be denied the right to develop their highest capacities, and they will shatter any yoke that binds them as brother to the ox or cousin to the clod.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE BALLOON.

The feat of the Count de la Vaux and the Count d'Outremont in crossing the English Channel for the first time in a balloon does not at first glance seem remarkable. The distance traveled from Paris to Hull was but 360 miles; the open Channel crossing on a direct line between those points, is but sixty miles. In a period only about twice as long a balloon has traveled from Paris into Russia, a distance of over 1,700 miles.

But Continental winds are quite different from those which play about great islands and open water. Often as the Channel crossing has been attempted it has always been prevented by baffling and contrary winds. Twice also has the Count de la Vaux attempted the crossing of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algeria, accompanied by French warships, but though the distance required was but 400 miles, contrary winds both times prevented success.

Because of the comparative steadiness with which the trade winds blow in the sub-tropical regions, the

feat of crossing the Atlantic itself, proposed by M. Reclus, is perhaps no more venturesome than that just performed by the two daring Frenchmen. With a steady west-knot wind a balloon should cross from the west coast of Africa to Trinidad in four days. But against contending currents in more temperate zones the balloon is helpless.

NEWPORT'S "INTELLECTUAL" SUPREMACY.

Newport has again asserted its intellectual supremacy, this time in the realm of political speculation. We have more than once urged that when a delicate problem in science, philosophy, morals, taste, or etiquette, confronts the nation the earliest solution is to ask what Newport thinks. When we know the consensus of opinion in that profound assemblage of polo players, automobile drivers, champagne agents, and diners out, we know everything. Clergymen and lawmakers long wrestled with the divorce question, but Newport quickly found the true way by making divorce a social distinction. For thirty-five years our statesmen have struggled over the rights of the negro and have admittedly failed; the subject was as hotly discussed as ever until last Saturday. Then a Newport society leader spoke, and declared the whole debate fruitless, for the reason that we cannot have white equality, let alone negro equality. "There will of necessity be two classes—the aristocracy and the common people. We should not be democratic, as it is dangerous, and people are not equal, anyway." The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution have been considered from the point of view, first, of the north, and then of the south, with barren results; but from the point of view of an afternoon tea we reach the fruitful conclusion that both documents are obsolete.

BALFOUR'S HARD ROW.

The absence of Mr. Chamberlain from the cabinet leaves the limbership of Arthur Balfour unprotected and he blows about like a reed before the rough breezes created by the cabinet vacancies. Joe was evidently the spinal column of the government. King Edward is supposed to be interfering in the matter. But he will have to get a move on him if he expects to impress the British public with the value of his interference. It was a bad time for him to put his hand out to steady the tabernacle. The trouble is that no first-class man will imperil his political future by accepting office under Mr. Balfour now that it is pretty certain that he does not command an absolute majority in the commons. Even if he does, it will be months before he can demonstrate it in open session. And it is no time for weaklings to stick their heads up and play at statesmanship, declares the Nebraska State Journal. Hence Edward has not apparently made any headway in his role of a British kaiser. Hamlet's soliloquy about the "times" being "out of joint" may strike the king as quite apropos to the situation.

JOHN HAY'S FAIRNESS.

Some American newspapers are afraid that British praise of John Hay, secretary of state at Washington, will do him harm by rendering him an object of suspicion to gentlemen who want the eagle to be always screaming. Hardly; sensible Americans long ago found out that Mr. Hay is a very able and patriotic statesman. His conduct towards Latin America shows, always, eminent fairness. He does not ask what he would not give in the same circumstances. The Hon. John Hay is a scholar and a gentleman and as good an American as is made.

A WOMAN.

(Bartlett Warner in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
Born into the world with a blood that runs blue,
A heart that beats warm and an eye that speaks true,
A woman's a woman,
A woman's a woman whatever her place;
In calico gown or in satin and lace,
The strength of her womanhood shines from her face,
A woman's a woman.

Not hard to distinguish, we cannot but see
What a woman, a genuine woman can be.
A woman's a woman,
A woman's a woman, is kindly and pure,
She is noble and loyal, steadfast and true,
With a wisdom and strength that forever endure,
A woman's a woman.

When we find her, whatever surroundings or gown,
We give her a throne and extend her a crown.
A woman's a woman,
A woman's a woman this whole wide world o'er;
She always has been, she will live evermore—
A creature of reverence, love and adoration,
A woman's a woman.

The Macedonian question involves theology. As nineteenth of the bloodshed in the world's history has sprung from religious differences, the chances for war between Turkey and the defenders of Macedonia Christians are in the end, in civilization and tolerance lies the tenth chance which is for peace and that is slight but possible under twentieth century professions.

Balfour is something like a timid tariff reformer in the United States. He isn't in favor of free trade. Yet he abhors free trade. The timid democrat doesn't dare advocate absolute free trade, yet he abhors protection. Compromises frequently win in politics but the compromiser is invariably damned in time.

Visions of recovering damages for that tea thrown overboard in Boston harbor along in the 1770's may have charmed the sleep of Sir Thomas Lipton when he was dreaming about succeeding Sir Michael Herbert as British ambassador to this country.

Bids for the battleship Kansas have been opened, and the time limit for the completion of the vessel has been set at four years. This, it is thought, will give ample time for a discussion about the liquid to be used in its christening.

If the Democrats win in New York City it will be because of the unsatisfactory results of fusion. Kansas have long since treated fusion and confusion as synonyms in politics.

The Czar of Russia and Emperor Joseph went hunting last Thursday. The cables indicate that emperors and emperors can't kill any more bears than can presidents.

That fight by the tobacco growers on the Tobacco Trust reminds one of the anti-machine fight on the machine in Kansas. How is the individual benefited? Booker T. Washington wouldn't be interviewed by Paris reporters. Can't Booker speak French or are the French reporters shy on English?

The kangaroo carriage of the body is no longer fashionable among the smart set. The kangaroo can hold its head up again now.

What between strikes and lockouts, many workmen are getting vacations as long as those of the professional classes.

An authority on fall fashions says that a chic effect may be obtained by trimming your hat with a rooster feather.

Yellow fever has appeared across the Texas line in Mexico. No tariff wall can be too high in that vicinity.

The Democratic party in New York just at present is in danger of becoming a "Don't Do That" club.

SOCIETY OF THE UNBIASED.

The meeting of the club last week was ably attended because of the carnival. Major Venthrup, however, was in the chair and Professor Linguist introduced the subject of the carnival.

"It is a curious illustration of the growth of language," he said, "when we hear people, in speaking of such things as have aroused Wichita this week, use the word carnival, or festival. Carnival means farewell to such and festival farewell to feasting. Now feast and feasting have marked the week beyond precedent. Of course it is easy to trace the word from its origin to the present use, but that doesn't detract from the real interest. Farewell to feast or carnival is the period that before Lent when in anticipation of no meat for forty days, the human being goes himself. In anticipation of a season of fasting and sacrifice and solemnity, the human being goes to a little excess in the matters he most foregoes for a time and so farewell to feasting really becomes an occasion for the greatest hilarity."

"A pat illustration of your point," said Bud Poster, "occurred in Kansas on the night of April 20, 1881. The legislature had passed the prohibitory law and fixed May 1 as the time it should take effect. Every resident of Kansas at that time who was old enough to recognize what was going on, will recall the doings of that never-to-be-forgotten night. It was a farewell to rum and carnival, festival, and hilarity are feeble words to describe the orgy that marked the inauguration of prohibition in Kansas."

"Well," said Parson Billings, "while I remember hearing of that orgy, it remains a fact that prohibition followed and it has remained a fact ever since. It is the one constitutional amendment that cannot be repealed and when it is repealed I propose to leave the state."

"Where will the brother go?" asked Dr. Fife.
"As a matter of fact," asked General Frohde, "has that orgy ever ceased? Haven't the ideas of carnival, or farewell to feast, permeated the mind of the Kansas ever since? Haven't we in anticipation of a possible period of prohibition, kept up his carnival or farewell to rum ever since April 20, 1881? I am told by men who travel that the first town they enter where the law is partially enforced, an overwhelming desire to secure a bottle of beer or a pint of whiskey seizes upon even the man who is a teetotaler at home. He begins to scheme. His carnival is at hand. Farewell to rum is written upon every hotel, drug store and luncheon stand in town, and the spirit of carnival takes hold like grim death and to such an extent that if this hotel porter does not give him a dollar, he actually signs a certificate at the drug store for every disease for which alcohol is a remedy, make him the chief ailment, and this especially since Harry McMillan's anti-snake exhibition law passed last winter by the legislature. There is a world of human nature in that word carnival and I am glad Professor suggested it."

"I didn't intend to precipitate a whiskey discussion," said the professor, "and I don't desire the general conclusion, in the first place, the church recognizes the carnival preceding Lent, but it does not tolerate the alleged orgy which precedes prohibition. The man who cannot see the difference between the real carnival and a drunker orgy is too prejudiced for this society."

Dr. Fife broke in with his impartial unbiased way of speaking. "If men would take their whiskey in homeopathic doses instead of three and four-ounce doses, it would be better for them." Here the doctor took out a small sugar-covered pill and swallowed it. It contained enough morphine to have killed the average man, but being in the form of homeopathy, its allopathic substance did not hurt one accustomed to its insidious effect. "The carnival is contrary to the real principles of medical science. To get drunk because one must remain sober for a month after is absurd. It would be more like the human race to keep sober a month in order to enjoy a debauch better at the end of the sober period. To eat more than you want on the eve of fast day may suit some natures, but for the rest we fast all day when a banquet is to occur at night. To ward against famine is nothing like the pleasure of gratifying a parched throat and a stomach crying for its fill. Give me the carnival at the close of Lent."

Captain Greenwich had listened faithfully to the discussion, but he thought his hour to speak had arrived. "With the consent of the chair, I will recite my

ODE TO PROHIBITION.

Before the days of great St. John,
No sooner earned was cash than gone;
Abandoned is perdition's road,
And this to prohibition's oval.

"Captain Greenwich," said Parson Billings, "I saw you yesterday coming out of a saloon with a movement that belongs to all who travel on the road to perdition, and what do you mean by posing as a beneficiary of prohibition?"

"Why, Parson," said the Captain, "when the preacher has to practice all he preaches, then the poet will be forced to write as he drinks. If through my gift of rhyme, my talent for poetry I could induce men to lead sober lives, isn't that enough? Must the saint and poet both preach and practice? I take it that it is enough for one man to teach morals—let his audience carry out the precepts, and vice versa if one man behaves well and induces in no vice, or dishonorable deeds, he does his full duty; let the others do the preaching. I write this temperance poetry, let the hearers take heed and banish the flowing bowl."

"The best temperance advocates in Wichita this week," spoke up Corporal Minington, "are the bartenders. To see that the city's greatest sin goes to excess the size of the beer glass was reduced nearly one half and the spirit glass wasn't much bigger than a thimble. You may preach and prohibit until doomsday, but for real temperance induction commend me to the Wichita bartenders for this week. I had expended my liquid allowance for Tuesday by noon and I still had left a most valuable thimble. Not a barkeep in town would let me get too much."

"Speaking of poetry, prohibition and the like," said Col. Hockington, "I will present the following poem which I composed last night. It is one of John G. Saxe's temperance poems, and is called 'The Coldwater Man.'"

"It is against the by-laws of this club to listen to any but original poetry," said Capt. Greenwich and I move an adjournment." Carried.

MR. SIMON SIMPLE, Secretary.
The Saxe poem Col. Hockington was about to read, is as follows:

THE COLDWATER MAN.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.
A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.
For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig
Except a school of fish.
All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water like
Some sedentary frog.
To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.
And many a godsend of the pond
He took to his own use;
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.
Alas, one day this fisherman
Had taken too much ergs,
And, being but a landman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.
Twas all in vain with might and main,
He strove to reach the shore;
Down, down he went, to feed the fish,
He halted off before.
The jury gave their verdict that
"Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in.
Though one stood out upon a wharf
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was clearly gin and water.

MY RAIL.

The moral of this mournful tale,
To all be plain and clear;
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier.
And he who seems to take the pledge
And keep his promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a still
Cold-water man at last.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

Sometimes an English idiom misleads the gullible Gaul, when he translates English phrases into French, as in the case of one who rendered "forty odd years" as "quarante années oranges." Even he, however, did rather better than Laplace, who, in the eighteenth century, translated "Love's Last Shift" into "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

Once, when they were talking literature, Mrs. Isobel Strong said to Robert Louis Stevenson: "At last, you have no mannerisms." Whereupon Stevenson took a copy of his own "Merry Men" which she was reading, out of her hands and read: "It was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars.'"

In 1888 an Englishman and his wife were being driven about in a motor car by a French valet, who could see no silver lining in the cloud overshadowing his country and his own particular trade: "Never mind, Pat," said the Englishman, "you'll have a grand time when they give you home rule." "Bedad, yer honor, and we will—for a week." "Why for a week?" "Driven' all the ginty to the boat," answered Pat.

At a banquet after the overwhelming defeat of Shamrock III, Sir Thomas Lipton said: "You Americans are hard to beat. You remind me of the Scotchman who came to London and was set upon by two highwaymen, whom he so unmercifully mauled that by the time they had overcome him they were about ready to go to the hospital themselves. And they only found two pence in his pocket, whereas one of them said: 'It's lucky, Bill, he didn't have expense. If he had, he'd a killed both of us.'"

The other day a little red-faced Irishman approached a postman with three letter boxes outside, labeled Ram's Horn, one was labeled "city," and the other "domestic," and the third "foreign." He looked at the three in turn, and then, as a puzzled expression crossed his face, scratched his head. "Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I don't know in which way to put 'th' letter. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an' she lives in the city all right, an' she's a furrier, too; but how in the world can the thing go in both of 'th' three holes at wance?"

Lively young woman teaching in a public school attended by many Italian children, relates the New York Press, caught boy striking little girl. Boy severely reprimanded. "You bad, vicious boy; striking a girl! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "Naw," said the girl. "I could punish you. Now, what would you think if your papa were to strike your mamma. Wouldn't that be terrible?" "Naw, 'tain't nothin'." They have fights every day, and pa hits ma with pots an' kettles, kicks her with his boot and mauls her in the face." Collapse of lovely school teacher.

Daisy Hamilton, who is playing the role of Angela in "Kiss Dodo," has a bright little niece, who, like all small children, often needs a little parental admonishment.

"One day my little niece came in the house," said Miss Hamilton, "and started to sit down at the table without washing her hands."

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said her mother reproachfully.

"Cause I never saw you when you was a little girl," was the prompt answer.

It is related that on one cold night ex-President Cleveland, who used to fish and hunt a good deal in the Barnegat bay district, lost his way. He wandered through the mud and rain and darkness for more than two hours, but not a light nor a road could he see. At last he struck a narrow lane, and in due course a house appeared. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. So he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a snuff voice said: "Who are you?" "A friend," said Mr. Cleveland, meekly. "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay there, then." And the window descended with a bang, leaving Mr. Cleveland no alternative but to move on.

One day last week Governor Van Sant and Judge Jamison visited the state fair ground, about noon, and went into a certain church restaurant for a lunch, relates the Minneapolis Tribune. They were recognized, of course, and shown all possible attention, but just as they were about to begin eating both were surprised as well as amused to hear the barker outside the tent shout, as he swung his bell back and forth, vigorously:

"Step right this way to get your nice, warm lunch. Only chance you will have to see the governor of Minnesota eat. Come right in and watch him feed."

And it wasn't long before the place was crowded, while the blushing governor and his modest private secretary had to grin and bear it.

Elizabeth Breyer, who is to be featured as Nell in "The Road to Freedom" under the direction of Davis and Barry, tells this story of a ne'er-do-well, who lived in the little town where she was born:

"I was walking down the main street one day," said Miss Breyer, "and as I passed by my aunt's house I saw this old fellow working on the fence and looking unusually pleased."

"You seem to be happy this morning," I remarked.

"Yasas," drawled Silas. "I've been a gettin' married this mornin'."

"Married? You? Why, Silas," I exclaimed. "What on earth do you do that for? You can't even support yourself as it is."

"Well," said Silas, "you see it's this way. I ken purty near support myself, an' I think it's a great pity if she can't help some."

In Trombula an amusing story is told of the present pope and the mourners' candles. A wealthy resident of Trombula died, and his funeral ceremonies were the most elaborate ever known in that village. A great many mourners were hired, whose office was to bear the lighted candles beside the catafalque in its procession to the cemetery. The candles were of the choicest wax and trimmed in also, having been specially brought from Venice for the occasion. The like had never been seen in Trombula, their size exceeding even the large candles on the church altar. During the solemn procession the Don Giuseppe, now Pius X., noted how often the candles were extinguished. He could not account for it, as the day was a still one. He watched an old woman nearest to him, and saw her furtively blow on the candle which her right arm could scarce carry. "How did you come to blow out that candle, Giuseppina?" he queried sternly. The crowd turned a properly sorrowful face to him, replying: "My tears have put it out—they fell so freely." The excuse caught Don Giuseppe's sense of humor. "Well," said he, relighting the fine taper, "see that your tears fall to the left of you after this." The old woman's light held out to the grave, though no doubt it seemed a pity not to save as much of the candle as she could use in her home.

The poems of Mexico are superstitious and credulous to the last degree. A writer in the New York Tribune recently had a curious proof of this last characteristic. He writes: The planter with whom I was staying wanted to take me out for a day's hunting expedition. But he was afraid that the minute he left the plantation all the laborers would knock off work. Now it happened that he had lost one of his eyes in an accident, and the missing optic had been replaced by a glass eye. When all was ready for the hunting trip he went to the mill where the poems were working. "I shall be away today, my children," he said to them in fatherly tones, "but I will leave my eye on guard in my absence. All the day I will watch you, and at night when I return it will tell me if you have failed in your duty." After this little speech he carefully extracted the glass eye and left it on a stump, where it could apparently overlook the field. To say those natives were amazed is stating it faintly. They simply gaped, and one of all solemnity promised they would work with the utmost faithfulness until sunset. So my friend and I started on our hunting trip, confident that the poems would work even better than if he was there to watch them. The scheme worked, but not to the perfection we expected. We returned from the hunting trip a little before sunset. Not a native was working in the field, although the appearance of the ground showed that they evidently had labored faithfully several hours. Then they had retired to their shady, comfortable spots and slept. When my friend, the planter, looked for his glass eye he was mystified as to how they had overcome their superstitious fears was explained. The glass eye was still on the stump, but it was carefully covered with a little tin pan. While the natives thought the eye was watching they had worked hard. Then the bright idea occurred to one of them that if the eye was covered it could not tell anything of their doings. They had acted on this idea, and then promptly knocked off work."

ALONG THE KANSAS RILE.

Now let "her" rain.

The estimates of the corn crop are shrinking as well as the grain.

Newton will hold a carnival. The dates are October 10 to 24.

You aren't many at Wellington now unless you have been visited by burglars.

Arkansas City barbers will organize Tuesday night. They will be among the very first.

Lawrence Hackman have agreed not to "trust" K. U. students. It's a trust against trust.

Barber county is shy eleven teachers. And there is no matrimonial clause in the rules either.

Milton is believing at the Orient. The railroad's new time table doesn't suit the summer county town.

Billie Morgan is convinced that enough rain has fallen to warrant the statement that the wheat crop for 1904 is assured.

A Mrs. Casbeer was an El Dorado visitor this week. It is a poor translation of the French, we judge, which would be Case de Beer.

The temperance people of Topeka elected a mayor last spring. And it now looks like they might win a suit against him for breach of contract.

The Bond county Sunday School association will hold a meeting at Turon November 4 and 5. It will be the thirty-second annual meeting.

The latest mode of coralling a column in the western Kansas papers is to get lost in an alfalfa field. Much of the plant grows to a height of seven feet.

Hans Weggen of Inman nearly lost an eye Wednesday by the explosion of a cigar that a friend gave him. It is another case of "didn't know it was loaded."

No allowance for shrinkage will have to be made for the thousands of bushels of wheat that were on the ground in southwestern Kansas during the rain last week.

Tomorrow the state convention of Christian churches opens at Newton. When Newton recalled this fact, she settled the question of street fair without more ado.

Franklin county Republicans hold their banquet this week. Bally is to speak and his talk should be very interesting after the anti-machine newspaper articles.

The Conway Springs Star declares that Roosevelt should let up on his talk against race suicide until Conway gets a school house large enough to handle the present crop.

An excursion is planned to run from Arkansas City to Oklahoma City next Sunday, the occasion being a baseball game between the Oklahoma City team and the Kansas City Blues.

In the same editorial column, the El Dorado Republican advises the tax payer to go after the scalp of the machine men and also to take Hood's Saraparilla for strength deficiency.

A boy found guilty of larceny at Hutchinson chose to go to the penitentiary rather than to the reformatory. The misprision of his reason was tobacco, which is prohibited at the reformatory.

Two attempts have been made to burgle a Wellington home, while the husband is away. And the woman has never been half as frightened as she would have been had a mouse run under the bed.

A Sedgewick nursery raised some cantaloupes from Rockford melon seeds and Mack Cretcher declares there is little difference between the two. The most material is no doubt that between the names.

An old lady refinery at Hutchinson is being used as a broomroom warehouse. Is this refinery the shed, a picture of which appears in the state school geography, as a representative of the packing house industry in Kansas?

Lawrence World: Since attending a football game we have come to the conclusion that the trouble with Kansas politics is that we are looking too much to penalizing our managers rather than encouraging them to make the best possible tactics.

Wellington Journal: "I have the best scheme for keeping away burglars," said a Third ward man this morning. The reporter asked him to explain it. "I've got a hired girl," he said, "who sits on the front porch till 4 o'clock in the morning with her steady, and if they won't keep away robbers, I don't know what will."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Dover's canning factory is not yet assured. There are not enough knackers against it.

The Edd Events again assures the public that Delegate McGuire is confident of statehood.

Ellis will vote on school bonds Tuesday. Only about half of the voters of the city have registered.

A car shortage along the Rock Island in Beaver county is causing thousands of dollars loss to exporters.

The paper-hangers, decorators and painters of El Reno have organized. G. W. Berry was elected president.

It is predicted by a Woods county man that the Choctaw-Orient town scraps will continue for several years.

The town row at El Reno must be in the last stage. One paper is reported to have refused to exchange with another.

A test of the clay about Garber shows it suitable for making brick. A kiln and a press is being talked for of the town.

A league football game between the University of Texas and the Normal of Oklahoma at El Reno is being worked up.

An order has been sent in from Edd of an automobile which will seat twenty people. No one talking; Edd is metropolitan.